

CHILD LIFE

February 1957

35¢



In This Issue: MAKE-IT WEATHER STATION

VALENTINES

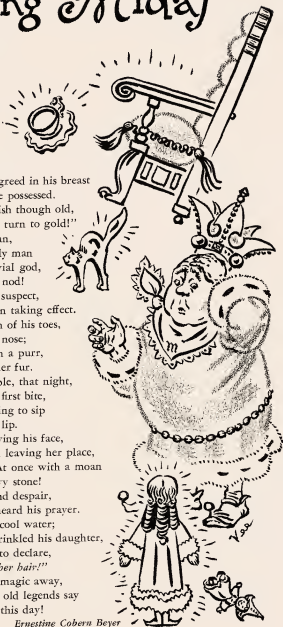
King Midas



Adapted from an Old Tale

With a gleam in his eye and with greed in his breast
King Midas sat counting the gold he possessed.
"I wish," Midas thought, being foolish though old,
"I wish all I touched would at once turn to gold!"
Imagine, my dears, if you possibly can,
The amaze and delight of this miserly man
When Bacchus, that ancient and jovial god,
Granted his wish with a wink and a nod!
King Midas was rather surprised, I suspect,
When the wish he had wished began taking effect.
The floor turned to gold at the touch of his toes,
A fly did the same when it lit on his nose;
His tabby-cat, arching her back with a purr,
Turned into gold when he fondled her fur.
Yet worse was to come! At the table, that night,
His bread turned to gold at his very first bite,
While the tea he was thirstily yearning to sip
Stiffened to gold at the touch of his lip.
'Twas then that his daughter, observing his face,
Cried "What is the matter?" — and leaving her place,
She kissed him and hugged him. At once with a moan
She became a small statue of yellowy stone!
King Midas cried out in his grief and despair,
"Help me, O Bacchus!" The god heard his prayer.
He bade the king bathe in a river's cool water;
With drops of the same the king sprinkled his daughter,
And seeing her stir, he was moved to declare,
"No gold do I love but the gold of her hair!"
Having washed all his troublesome magic away,
He stepped to the shore . . . and the old legends say
The sands of that river are gold to this day!

Ernestine Cobern Beyer



Billy

COLOR THIS PAGE



CHILD LIFE

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How much more winter
Will there be?
Look at Mr. Groundhog
And you will see!

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Billy and Betty



"DO YOU KNOW
WHOSE BIRTHDAY
IS 2 MORROW?" "IS
IT DICKEY'S OR
JOHN'S?" "OF
COURSE DICK'S BIRTHDAY
IS GEORGE



THE FATHER OF
OUR COUNTRY LETS
HAVE A PARTY
THEN 2 CELEBRATE.



(C FOOD FUN)

| FEBRUARY | | | | | | |
|----------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |

JERRY THE GROUNDHOG

"Oh good!" cried the rabbits. "That song is so jolly!"

And later, while singing about Davy Crockett, a kangaroo came with her family in pocket. Then six red-tailed squirrels showed up with their mother. A skunk brought a buggy that held his small brother. Next came a fox and seventeen gophers, and Grandfather Moose in his bathrobe and loafers.

"That trio," they whispered, "surely sounds pretty! Much nicer than those that you hear in the city!"

And when the song ended, how the animals clamored! Those with big tails fairly pounded and hammered!

"I'm glad," Jerry said, "that our songs give them pleasure."

A FAT LITTLE groundhog named Jerry Gilfeather squeezed out of his burrow and peeked at the weather.

"I'm lucky," he chuckled, "I see that it's raining. It's a good day for groundhogs, so I'm not complaining!"

He raised his umbrella and zipped his galoshes. Then he tripped down the lane making "splashes" and "sploshes". He stopped by a thicket to nibble some clover. Then all of a sudden, the shower was over! Old sunshine came out in all of its glory.

"Uh-oh," Jerry groaned, "it's the same old sad story. I'll be scared of my shadow and run home, I reckon. It happens so *often* on Feb'rury second. Then spring won't come in for six weeks or longer. Oh gracious, I wish I were braver and stronger!"

As Jerry rushed off to his safe little burrow, he spied two white bunnies beside a small furrow. They were dancing around as happy as fairies, and singing duets like two gay canaries.

"Hi, Jerry," they caroled, "let's make it a trio! Do you know the words to O SOLO MIO?"

"I'm running away from my shadow," puffed Jerry. "It frightens me so that I truly must hurry!"

"Please stay," begged the rabbits. "We have no piano. We'd sound so much louder if you sang soprano."

"All right," Jerry sighed, as he closed his umbrella. "My nerves are a wreck, but I'll be a good fella'. How about if we sing IS YOUR MOTHER HOME, MOLLY?"



"Oh yes," cried the bunnies, "they love every measure!"

So all afternoon they kept singing together. And Jerry forgot to keep track of the weather. He even forgot to be timid and fearful. His shadow was out, but still he felt cheerful. Oh my, he was glad he had said he'd be willing to sing in the trio! He found it so thrilling!

Then, as they rendered a final sweet ballad, the others fixed supper and tossed a green salad.



Much later, while eating some carrots and butter, Jerry hopped up and started to sputter. "My goodness!" he cried, "the new moon is rising! My shadow is gone, but what's more surprising — today I was scared, and yet I lived through it!"

"Of course," cried the others. "We knew you could do it!"

So that spring the snow disappeared in a hurry. The animal folks give the credit to Jerry, because he ignored all his cowardly habits, and took time to sing with the little white rabbits.

Frances B. Watts

NAME *DOG* FOR

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN WHO had a wife, a son, a daughter, and a dog.

His wife he called Wife. His son he called Son. His daughter he called Daughter. And his dog he called Dog.

He said he liked to call things by their names. He saw no sense in calling an animal Brindle Bess or some such name, when anyone knew her name was Cow.

He explained that probably the reason he felt that way was because his mother had named *him* Robin, and he didn't eat worms!

Of course, his son and daughter *had* names. His wife had made sure of that. His son's name was William. His daughter's name was Mary Jane.

To tell the truth, his wife had a name, too. She thought it was a rather pretty name — Evaleena Rosemarie. But she hadn't been called by her name for so long she had almost forgotten it.



But the dog had no name but Dog, and never had had.

Then one day Dog ran away. The gate was left open, and Dog decided it might be interesting to go for a walk all by himself, where he wanted to go, not where someone else thought he wanted to go. So away he went.

When the man found that Dog was gone he hurried at once to try and find him. He looked down by the brook. He looked behind the woodshed. But he couldn't find Dog.

He went to his next-door neighbor's house.

"My nice little dog is gone," he said. "Please help me find him."

"Gladly, gladly," said the neighbor man. "That will be easy. We'll just call him. What is his name?"

"Dog," said the man.

"Just Dog?" asked the neighbor.

"Just Dog," the man replied firmly.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you should know," he said. And he started calling, "Dog, Dog, Dog," in the kind of voice to make any dog stop whatever it was doing and come at once.

And that's what all the dogs did. They started coming, big dogs, little dogs, long-haired dogs, short-haired dogs, bull dogs, terrier dogs, all kinds of dogs in all kinds of shapes and sizes.

"Oh, stop!" the man cried. "This will never do. There must be a better way!"

"If only there were some way to tell which dog we want," the neighbor said.

"My dog is a white dog. He is little," the man said hopefully.

"That might help," the neighbor agreed.

So he began calling, "Come, little white dog! Here, little white dog!"

But there were several little white dogs living roundabout. They all came running.

"Oh, stop!" the man cried. "This will never do. There must be a better way!"

The neighbor shook his head. "We must think of a way to let the dogs know what dog we want."

"You could say something about the dog belonging to me," the man suggested hopefully.



The neighbor pondered. Then he shook his head. "It can't be done. Have *you* ever tried calling 'Come here, dog - that - belongs - to - the - man - in - the - white - house - at - the - edge - of - the - meadow! Come here, dog - that - belongs - to - the - man - who - lives - in - the - white - house - at - the - edge - of - the - meadow!' It just can't be done!"

Just then the man's little dog came up, all by himself. He was ready to come home now anyway, for it was suppertime and he was hungry.

The man and his dog walked home over the field together.

As the man walked into his house he said something which surprised his wife so much that she dropped a loaf of bread.

"Evaleena Rosemarie, call William and Mary Jane," he said.

"Evaleena Rosemarie?" she asked. "Why, that means me! What do you want, dear?"



"We're going to sit right down now and think of a name for Dog," the man told her.

And that's what they did.

They named Dog Fido.

"Now," said the man, "if Dog — I mean Fido — ever runs away, I'll know how to call him."

Only Fido never did.

But from then on, the man called his wife Evalena Rosemarie. He called his son William. He called his daughter Mary Jane. And all of his friends began calling him Robin, even though he still didn't eat worms!

Hazel Knapp Dallas

SALLY SNOW and...HENRY



Perhaps your children would enjoy a Sally Snow of their own!

IT WAS WINTER-TIME. Dave and Beth had been at their grandmother's for just a week when the letter came from their friends back home. The letter read:

Dear Friends,

You wanted a little wild animal pet. Well, we've found one for you! Sally Snow is helping to keep it safe until you get back. Hurry home.

*Love,
Tom and Anne*

"Who's Sally Snow?" asked Dave.

"I don't know," Beth answered. "I guess we'll have to wait and see."

The next day Dave and Beth went home. Soon after they got there, Tom and Anne came along. Tom was pulling a sled with a box of sacks on it.

"We can't stay," Tom said when Dave and Beth answered the door. "We have to do an errand."

"Did you bring the little wild pet?" Dave asked.

"No, but you'll get it. This is the time of day we always take new clothes to Sally Snow. We thought you'd like to do it this time. They're right in this box on the sled. Sally's under the big oak tree in back. You can't miss her. And maybe you'll see Henry, if you're lucky." He and Anne hurried off.

"Who on earth is Henry?" called Beth. "And why does Sally Snow need new clothes every day?"

But Tom and Anne just laughed and didn't answer.

Sally Snow and Henry! They must be new playmates. So Dave and Beth rushed to put on their coats. Then, with Dave pulling the sled, they hurried toward the big oak tree. But they didn't see anyone.

"Sally Snow! Sally Snow!" they both called. No answer.

"She must have gone home," said Beth. "But look! Tom and Anne made a snowman!"

"It's a snow woman!" laughed Dave. "See?

She's wearing a woman's straw hat, and there's a sash around her waist."

So there was. And on the sash were the words, "SALLY SNOW".

Dave took a sack out of the sled. It was marked, "FOR SALLY'S HAT." But all they found inside were bread crumbs and grain!

"I know!" Beth suddenly declared. "We asked Tom and Anne to feed the wild creatures that live around this tree, while we were away. This is a new way of feeding them."

Sally Snow's hat brim was very wide. So on it they scattered food for the birds.

The next sack read, "SALLY'S FACE". In this were two big nuts and one small one. They were for her eyes and nose. And there was a piece of red apple peel for her mouth.

"Oh, this is fun!" Beth declared.

Next there were nut "BUTTONS" for the front of Sally Snow's waist.

The fourth sack held a bunch of carrots. These were supposed to be Sally's bouquet. Anne tucked them into her ribbon sash.

Last was a great big sack marked "APRON". It was full of cabbage leaves held together with tooth-picks. The children unfolded them and put them over Sally's fat snow body.

"That snow woman is the funniest feeding station I ever saw," laughed Beth. "And there's food for the birds and the squirrels and the wild rabbits. I bet they love Sally Snow!"

Suddenly they saw a little mouse on Sally's hat. He peered at them from over the brim, then darted off.

"That's Henry," Dave declared.



Just then Tom and Anne came running. Dave told about the mouse.

"That's Henry, all right," said Anne. Then she told them how one morning they'd found some tiny tracks going up the front of Sally Snow and down under her hat. They belonged to a white-footed mouse.

"One foot track showed he'd been hurt," Tom said. "We don't see him often because he's mostly out at night."

"We went to get this cage for him," Anne explained. "We're afraid a blue jay might catch him. Or if rain and sun melt Sally, he won't have a home. He can stay in the cage until spring. Then we'll set him free."

Now the children were very quiet. One held the cage door open, with grain scattered about inside. Soon Henry came for it. Quickly they shut the cage door.

"Here, you take him," Tom said to Dave. "You wanted a little wild pet."

"But that's no fair! You're the one who found him. And if you and Anne hadn't made Sally Snow, nobody would have found him. Don't you want him?"

"Oh, yes," Anne answered. "But we promised him to you. In the letter, remember?"



Finally they decided on a plan. Dave and Beth would keep Henry one week. Then Tom and Anne would take him home and care for him the next week. They would change back and forth all winter.

So Henry was very happy. And Sally Snow looked happy too. When she melted some, the children patched her. And of course, the wild creatures by the big oak loved her very much.

Gladys Cleone Carpenter





HERE'S WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Jeremy is excited and happy at the prospect of shipping out as cabin boy on his Uncle Reuben's ship the Mary Ellen. The voyage will take a year. But the course leads through the Straits of Gibraltar, where the Barbary pirates are preying on shipping, and seizing prisoners either for ransom or to keep for slaves.

After they have put to sea, Jeremy has a talk with Mr. Stebbins, the first mate, who asks him what weapons he can use to defend himself in case of attack. Jeremy has only a bow and six arrows, which he has tucked into his sea chest. He realizes that they are only a child's toy. Fear fills Jeremy's heart. What will he do if they meet up with pirates?

LAST HALF

UNDER FAIR SKIES and a steady breeze the *Mary Ellen* moved fast. In less than three weeks she was off the coast of Spain. The summer sun was hot now, and beat down fiercely.

"We'll have to put in for water soon," Uncle Reuben said. "We're running low."

Jeremy nodded. Only this morning he had noticed how the water in the big casks below had dwindled. It tasted warm and flat now.

From the man at the masthead there came a sudden shout. "Ship to starboard!"

Captain Reuben seized his glass and scanned the horizon. "She's big," he said quietly, "and moving this way. Mr. Stebbins, what do you make of her?"

The mate stared through the glass with his one eye and studied the ship carefully.

"Can't be sure, sir," he said at last. "But she's flying the Union Jack."

"Which doesn't guarantee that she's a British ship, however," said the captain. He cupped his hands over his mouth. "Ship to starboard!" he

shouted. "Clear the decks!" He turned to Jeremy. "Wet down the decks and sand them. Then help Davis at the stern chaser!"

"Yes, sir!" Jeremy gasped.

Jeremy knew that fire was one of the greatest dangers aboard ship. Under a blazing sky and hot wind the sails dried out. Sometimes the wooden decks grew so hot that the men could go in their bare feet only at night. Quickly he drew water in over the side and sloshed it on the deck. Then he sprinkled sand along the planks. Now it would be less slippery. He joined Davis at the stern where the sailor was working feverishly to get the small cannon, the stern chaser, ready for



action. Two small buckets of oakum and pitch, used to caulk the ship, lay near by. These were highly inflammable, as Jeremy knew.

"What do you think she is?" he whispered to Davis.

"Could be a friend," Davis answered. "But in these waters more likely it's an enemy."

"I'm glad we've got cannon aboard," Jeremy shivered.

"Four amidships only. And this. If she's a pirate, you can be sure she'll be armed to the teeth. And three times as many men as we."

The big ship bore down on them swiftly. When she was close Captain Reuben hailed her. "What ship is that?"

The answer came loud and bold in an accent Jeremy had never heard.

"Strike your colors!"



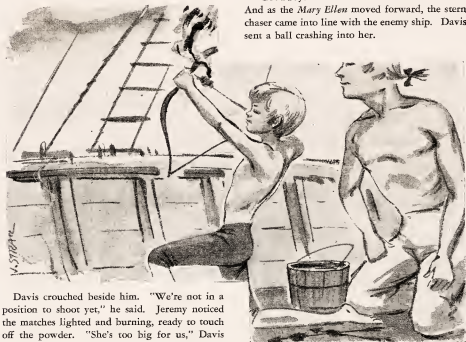
The man who shouted was bare to the waist. His head was wound in a white turban, and he waved a cutlass that gleamed and shimmered in the glaring sun.

"Fire!" shouted Captain Reuben. The *Mary Ellen* fired a broadside. At the same instant the pirate ship sent a ball crashing through the rigging.

"If only I could help," Jeremy thought. "If only I could *do* something!"

instant flame. He knelt, aimed carefully for a pirate sail, and shot. The arrow struck the sail, hung a moment, then fell, still burning. He shot another and another. Would they burn the sails? Yes, yes! He could see the flames curling upward, licked by the wind!

"Good boy!" Davis shouted. "You've done it!" And as the *Mary Ellen* moved forward, the stern chaser came into line with the enemy ship. Davis sent a ball crashing into her.



Davis crouched beside him. "We're not in a position to shoot yet," he said. Jeremy noticed the matches lighted and burning, ready to touch off the powder. "She's too big for us," Davis whispered. "We'll have to run for it. When we do, it'll be our chance to shoot. If only we could set her afire! Look at her sails. Dry as tinder!"

Dry as tinder! The words clicked in Jeremy's brain. He ducked his head and raced for the cabin. From his sea chest he snatched up his bow and arrows. Maybe—maybe—

In another moment he was kneeling beside Davis, his fingers trembling on the bow.

The *Mary Ellen* shuddered as she fired again. "Quick, Davis! Help me fix an arrow!"

The sailor stared at him.

"For the sails," Jeremy urged. He snatched up strands of oakum from the bucket, and smeared them with pitch. These he wound in a tight ball around the arrow head which Davis held out. He did another, and another yet. Then Jeremy touched an arrow head to the match. It burst into

The rigging of the pirate ship was ablaze now, and they could hear the angry curses of the desperate men aboard.

"It'll take all hands to put out that blaze and get them home," Davis grinned cheerfully.

The *Mary Ellen* drew off further and was soon beyond the range of guns. When they were all well away, Uncle Reuben appeared.

"Let me look at your hands, Jeremy."

Jeremy held them out. They were scorched, and now that he thought of it, they hurt.

"Not too serious, I think. We can take care of that." Uncle Reuben smiled. "You're a real sailor, my lad." He put a friendly hand on Jeremy's shoulder. "And you made full use of your weapon. The *Mary Ellen* is proud of you!"

Audrey Beyer

Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett and the Weather



Sometimes it's fun not to know all the answers.

MR. PLINKETT-PLUNKETT AND his wife had a most delightful hobby. They were "take-a-guess" weather people.

Sometimes they guessed right and sometimes they guessed wrong, but it really didn't make much difference.

And then one day, while Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett was polishing the furniture, she bumped her arm. "Ouch," she said. "I bumped my funny bone!" She stopped her work and put the hot water bottle on her aching arm.

Right after that, the 'funny bone' began to tell her every change in the weather. If it pained a little, it meant RAIN. If it pinched a little, it meant SNOW. And if it hummed, it meant FAIR ALL DAY. It was never, never wrong.

This made Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett very cross. He wanted to be able to forecast weather too.

He went into the city and bought many things. He bought a barometer, and a thermometer, and then he bought an old fashioned weather vane. He hung the barometer at the back door, the thermometer at the front door, and he climbed up a ladder and put the weather vane on the very tip-top of the old red barn!

"Now," said Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett, "I'll be able to tell the weather too."

"Oh, fiddle-diddle," laughed Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett, "My 'funny bone' will still be right."

Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett didn't have one minute to himself any more. He checked his barometer, read his thermometer, and gazed for hours at his weather vane.

But Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett grew as lazy as could be. She didn't do her housework, and she didn't do her cooking. She just sat in her rocking chair and took extra good care of her 'funny bone'.

If Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett said it would rain, Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett declared it would snow. If he said "snow," then she would say "fair all day". They never had time for gibby-gabs any

more. They were too busy arguing about the weather.

And Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett's 'funny bone' was always, always right.

So Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett hurried off to the city again. This time he bought a radio, and a TV set, and all kinds of weather charts. He put the radio in the bedroom, and the TV set in the living room. He hung the weather charts all over the house.

Now Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett was busier than ever. He was up bright and early, listening to the radio. Then he checked his barometer, read his thermometer, and took a hurry-up look at his weather vane. He marked out his weather charts, watched the weather man on his TV set, and then he began all over again! But in spite of all his work, his predictions kept on being wrong, and Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett's 'funny bone' kept on being right.

"I'm getting tired of all this," said Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett.

"So am I," said his wife. And she went to the city, and stayed there all day long.

Next morning at breakfast, Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett announced that it was going to rain. Then he held his breath to see what Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett would say about that.

But she didn't say one word!

Days went by, and Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett grew more and more tired of working at his weather forecasting.

But Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett didn't bother about the weather any more. The floors were shining, the furniture was gleaming, and the kitchen had heavenly smells coming from the oven.

Early one morning Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett snapped on the radio to hear the first weather broadcast of the day. But, though he banged on the top of it and turned all the knobs at once, nothing happened!

He hurried into the living room and turned on the TV set. But no picture flashed on.

He raced to the front door to read his thermometer, but it was broken! He dashed to the back door to check his barometer, but it was out



of order! And the old-fashioned weather vane had fallen from the roof of the old red barn!

Poor Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett!

"Something terrible has happened," he shouted to his wife, who was busy cooking breakfast. "All my weather forecasting things are broken! Tell me quickly, what does your 'funny bone' have to say about the weather?"

"Oh, fiddle-diddle," laughed Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett. "That 'funny bone' wasn't funny at



all. It was a dreadful bother. So I went to the city doctor, and he rubbed it and baked it and snapped it back in place. It doesn't bother me one little bit any more."

Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett shook his head sadly. "But how do you know what kind of weather we will have every day?" he asked.

"I never know from one day to the next" smiled his wife, "and, you know, I find it much more fun this way." She sat down and began to eat her golden breakfast pancakes.

Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett remembered how hard he worked reading his barometer and checking his thermometer, and gazing for hours at his weather vane. He remembered getting up bright and early to listen to the radio and to mark his charts and to watch his TV.

Then he looked at his wife and saw how happy she was, eating her good breakfast.

"You know something," announced Mr. Plinkett-Plunkett, "I think you are right."

And now, Mr. and Mrs. Plinkett-Plunkett are happy as can be. They are "take-a-guess" weather people again. Sometimes they guess right, and sometimes they guess wrong, but it really doesn't matter one little bit!

Polly Curren



THE ONE TO TEN PARADE

As I was walking one sprightly day

I saw ONE ostrich coming my way,

Then TWO tigers, sipping lemonade,

And THREE little treetoads looking for shade,

FOUR fat foxes followed after these,

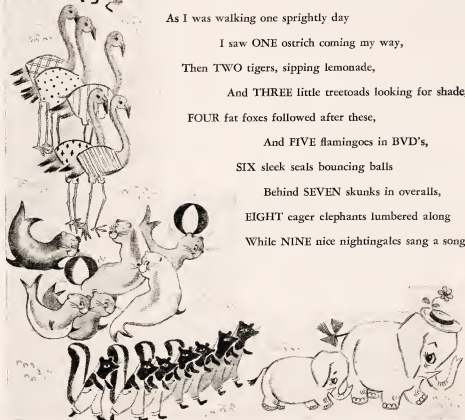
And FIVE flamingoes in BVD's,

SIX sleek seals bouncing balls

Behind SEVEN skunks in overalls,

EIGHT' eager elephants lumbered along

While NINE nice nightingales sang a song,





TEN tame tortoises followed up the lane,
 (Nine wore rubbers, one had a cane) . . .
 Now if *you* should see this strange parade,
 Don't spend a minute being afraid,
 Don't start running, crying or screaming . . .
 Just *wake up* . . . because you're dreaming! *Ada Bassett*



R.M. TONGER



Aunt Dorothy's Mailbox

Aunt Dorothy's Sick Call



Eugenia Campson, age 11
RD 2, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Sue Ellen Frazier, age 10
RR 4, Box 271
Joplin, Mo.

These girls both have rheumatic fever. I know they would enjoy your letters, while they have to stay in bed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I expect that you shall surprise to receive this letter. I read *CHILD LIFE* for the first time at an American Library in Medan. I like it very much.

I'm an Indonesian girl and I live in Medan. Please, excuse me if my English is not good.

Sutani Sukirno
Dj. R. A. Kartini 12
Medan, Sumatra
INDONESIA

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am in third grade. I have two sisters. I like *CHILD LIFE* because it has mazes and good stories.

Today it snowed out. I read Aunt Dorothy's letters. I decided that I would write a letter.

Foggy Parker
Chanell Apt. No. 11
Juneau, Alaska

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am nine and in the fourth grade. I like dot to dot and *Food Fun*.

This year I visited my Aunts and Uncles. They said I could have a pet cow for the summer. I named it Duchess. She had a calf in August. Her calf looks just like her. I am going to go there soon.

Micheale Dubree
2320 Keller Ave.
Norfolk 9, Va.

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I like the games and stories the best. We have a Fun Club.

We have some rabbits and chickens. We have fun with them. How is Rags?

Connie Tasto
34 Wall Street
Middletown, Conn.

Rags is fine. He is curled up asleep next to the stove.

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am nine and I am in the fourth grade. I like *CHILD LIFE* very much. My favorites are the popouts and *Food Fun*.

I have a collection of foreign stamps and a dog whose name is Boots. I belong to a skating club.

Kathy Jo Holmes
Box 56
Mathis, Tex.

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I like *CHILD LIFE*. I am eight years old. Best of all I like *Aunt Dorothy's Mail Box* and *Story Time*.

Margo Miller
1629 Corralle
Osteria, Calif.

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I got so much mail since I wrote to you that I can't count it. I asked for a name for my turtle. I asked for it! I got *too* many. I chose the one sent in by Linda Clup. The name is Myrtle. I even got a letter from Honolulu!

Kathy Koon

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am eight years old. I have a dog named Butch. I like *CHILD LIFE* very much. I like the dot to dot pictures.

Freddy Khasiglan
8659 East Mt. View
Selma, Calif.

is a list of readers with February birthdays. If you are one of the lucky ones on this list, you will receive *many* letters from lots of boys and girls. If you get more letters than you can handle, pass a few of them along with names and addresses along, so that all your pen pals can share the fun of mail.

- Feb. 1 **Joan Yaresko**, age 8
344 W. Main St., Rockaway, N. J.
- Feb. 2 **Solly Walker**, age 11
P.O. Box 23, Nome, Alaska
- Feb. 3 **Dione Becker**, age 7
Taunton Ave., Norton, Mass.
- Feb. 4 **Tim Onosko**, age 10
3603 18th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.
- Feb. 5 **James Mitchell**, age 11
10 E. Lane, Darien, Conn.
- Feb. 6 **Petty Wiley**, age 9
731 Lazington, Zanesville, Ohio
- Feb. 7 **Gregory Thompson**, age 8
Box 16, Chilhowie, Va.
- Feb. 8 **Jimmy Strenix**, age 6
Box 236, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.
- Feb. 9 **Kathleen Whitte**, age 6
61 W. Small St., Sonoma, Calif.
- Feb. 10 **Judith Apfel**, age 8
110 N. Vine Ave., Marshfield, Wis.
- Feb. 11 **Bruce Pottingill**, age 7
51 Gough St., Lewiston, Me.
- Feb. 12 **Sondro Schosb**, age 10
48 Elm St., N. Arlington, N. J.
- Feb. 13 **Daniel Korpen**, age 8
R.F.D. 3, Harbor Hill Dr.,
Huntington, N. Y.
- Feb. 14 **Charles Schumann**, age 10
Rt. 2, Box 454, Provo, Utah
- Feb. 15 **Linda Wolf**, age 9
120 East 11th, Rushville, Ind.
- Feb. 16 **Charlie Williams**, age 9
39 W. Clinton St., Dover, N. J.
- Feb. 17 **Carol Jean Meary**, age 7
602 Walnut St., Waverly, Ohio
- Feb. 18 **Ronald Griffice**, age 8
RR 2, Brandenburg, Ky.
- Feb. 19 **Jimmy Tullios**, age 7
Navy 127, P.O. Box 25,
Seattle, Wash.
- Feb. 20 **Joel Jers**, age 9
707 Devon, Park Ridge, Ill.
- Feb. 21 **Susan Hedges**, age 7
208 Inwood Ave.,
Upper Montclair, N. J.
- Feb. 22 **Dennis Spolding**, age 9
751 Upton St.,
Redwood City, Calif.
- Feb. 23 **Robert Zlobro**, age 11
28 Caspian St., Elizabeth 1, N. J.
- Feb. 24 **Judith Goodwin**, age 10
Hollis Rd., R.F.D. 3, Bladeford, Me.
- Feb. 25 **Emmy Lu Burger**, age 8
Water St., R.D. 1, Collegeville, Pa.
- Feb. 26 **Paul Morokus**, age 9
1436 Kumeer Ave., Dayton 6, Ohio
- Feb. 27 **Lucindo Mulden**, age 10
1734 Delaware Ave.,
West Sacramento, Calif.
- Feb. 28 **Thomas Finke**, age 10
3790 Haverhill Lane,
Cincinnati 31, Ohio
- Feb. 29 **Iono Kay Knorr**, age 12
R.R. 1, Golden 2, Ill.

We believe that enchantment is one of the inalienable rights of childhood. Here at CHILD LIFE, we strive to keep it alive.

In *Storytime*, the editors aim to achieve a balance of different types of story material. *Fact* and *fancy* each play their part.

Children, like adults enjoy identifying themselves with the central characters, and valuable lessons can be taught pleurably by means of realistic stories. But fairy-tales and fantasy, from time immemorial, have been their province, bringing to life imagery, imagination and humor. And the desire for suspense is met in the monthly two-part serial.

Children are avid for facts, and have astonishingly retentive memories. We bring them nature and science articles of a unique kind, which bring out interesting and exciting facts presented non-academically.

CHILD LIFE, knowing how much children enjoy putting on plays, has developed a new kind, geared to children under ten. The parts are short, the sets and costumes are simple but ingenious, and living-room presentation to family audience is the aim.

CHILD LIFE's staff has been vigilant in its selection of story material for children. When you read *Storytime* to yours, we hope you will endorse our careful choice. Let us hear from you!



FREE
TO PARENTS

Every parent should have this new book about child training. Covers all ages. If you want to be prodder of your children both now and later in life, write today. The book is free; no obligation.

Pleasant Hill, Ohio

If Your Child Is a Poor Reader

See how *The Sound Way To Easy Reading* can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write for free illustrated folder and low price. *Bremner-Davis Phonics*, Dept. E-17, Wilmot, JE.

GREETING CARDS:

We'll Send These

EXTRA MONEY!

[illegible]**KINDERGARTEN—FUN TO LEARN**

KINDERGARTEN—ages 4 & 5. FARMER CONVERT method helps mother direct her child in constructive activity. Includes stories, games, independence—good habits in work and thought. Complete manual, day by day instructions, books, supplies.

FIN TO LEARN—ages 5 & 6. Advanced Handwriting—End grade. Child learns advanced Pencil and Number-work, acquires basis for writing handwriting. No in-depth experience necessary. Also covers through this grade. \$14.95. Colton

GALVERT SCHOOL 103 W. Tisbury Rd.
Baltimore 10, Md.

JOIN THE FUN CLUB

See Page 20

CHILD LIFE FUN CLUB

30 Federal Street
Boston 10, Mass.

I am enclosing.....for
.....Fun Club emblems at
10c each, and a stamped
envelope with my name and
address on it.

Name

Age

Street

City..... State.....



FUN CLUB

The purpose of the Fun Club is to have fun helping other people. You can start a Club by just getting your friends together and doing the monthly projects.

February Project

Our project this month is to make Sunshine Boxes for old people. Children get lots of presents, but sometimes older people are lonely and forgotten. It would brighten their lives to be remembered by your Fun Club.

Get your members together and collect an assortment of empty cigar or shoe boxes. At your first meeting, decorate these with scraps of wallpaper, colored paper and pretty pictures. At your next meeting you can fill the boxes with useful and inexpensive gifts such as pocket combs, nail files, stamped post cards, new pencils, packets of needles and spools of thread, safety pin chains, assorted buttons, small packets of cleansing tissues, cakes of soap, and any other small items you can collect. Be sure to make a greeting card to go inside, bearing the names and ages of all the members of your Club. A mother of one of the members will surely be glad to help you deliver your boxes to your local Home for the Aged.

FOOD FUN



A little imagination can change simple food into a gay surprise.

Snowman Surprise!

This jolly snowman is so easy to make from a cut-up one-layer cake and some fancy frosting, that you can make him for a family surprise.

For the cake itself, you will need a flat cakepan, 13 x 9 x 2 inches, and your favorite cake mix, in any flavor.

1. Bake the cake according to directions on the package and let it cool.
2. Cut out the corners at the top of the cake as shown in the photograph. These will be Mr. Snowman's arms. Put them in position.
3. Spread a ready-mix fluffy white frosting over the entire snowman, heaping it thickly on his face to round it off. See picture.
4. Quickly sprinkle grated or flaked coconut over the soft frosting. Make features and buttons from gumdrops or chocolate bits.
5. Make a black stovepipe hat from construction paper, and



hang a jaunty candy cane over Mr. Snowman's arm.



Franklin Baker Div., Gen. Food Corp.

Jingles



THE VISIT

"Who's there?" called Mrs. Mouse,
From her wee woodland house
On the banks of the River Roll-a-Rye.
'It's me," said Mrs. Turtle,
"With my lovely daughter, Myrtle.
We've come to call and bring a cherry pie."
While the three sat down to chat,
To talk of this and that,
The pleasant afternoon slipped quickly by.
Then Mrs. Turtle and her daughter,
Waddled slowly to the water
And swam home across the River Roll-a-Rye.

Carol Quinn

THE MIDAS MOON

Once upon a winter night,
The moon, a Midas-king,
Touching skies to gilded light
Made gold of everything.
The horse he rode was a night-black cloud,
A fury to behold,
Who reared his black mane high and proud
Before he turned to gold!

Ruby Fogel

LOST AND FOUND

My heart is missing!
Please, won't you tell,
Did I lose it in the garden,
Or drop it in the well?
Did a band of robbers,
While asleep I lay,
Come and take my thumping
Heart away?
Is it gone forever?
Will it be back soon?
Did it sail to Burma,
Or fly to the moon?
Oh, *now* I remember,
And you do too,
'Cause I gave it,
Valentine, to *you*!
D. R. Kearns



RAINY DAY

A day neglected
By the sun
Can really be
A lot of fun!
On rainy days,
I stay indoors
And read a story
While it pours,
Or else I get
My crayons out,
And draw the things
I think about.
You'd never guess
The kind of play
I'm saving for
A rainy day!

Ernestine Coburn Beyer

GUESSING GAMES

WORD LADDER

To climb the ladder fill each square with the pictured word.

□ □ **V** □ □



□ □ **A** □ □



□ □ **L** □ □



□ □ **E** □ □



□ □ **N** □ □



□ □ **T** □ □



□ □ **I** □ □



□ □ **N** □ □



□ □ **E** □ □



wave, chain, palms, spear, canoe, kites, swing, cent, bread. : suv

RIDDLES

WHAT'S TO RIDE?

I travel so swiftly
Without wheels or legs,
On something as white
As milk, or as eggs.
Boys and girls ride me —
On top — not inside me!
What am I?

Ans.: 'pays V

Naida Dickson

WEATHER QUIZ

1. When sunshine causes
Rain to go,
You can often
See a -----.
2. Skating is a
Sport that's nice,
But it must be
Cold for ---.
3. My snow-man wears
Pipe, hat and belt,
If it's too warm
He will ----.
4. If the snow falls
Through the night,
When you wake
The world looks ----.

3. Melt, 4. White. : suv
1. Rainbow, 2. Ice.

Betty Barford

AN EYE FULL!

My eye is most important,
But not to me.
Other people use it —
But not to see.
What am I?

Ans.: 'needle V

Anne Flucker

RIDDLE ME THIS!

Why is the rooster on top of
the barn so conceited?

Because he is a weather
vane! (vain) : suv

SNOW BOWL

to Make!

SNOW BOWL

Everyone enjoys a snow storm. Would you like to make one in miniature?

You will need a fish-bowl or aquarium, some pretty stones, glass or porcelain animals, birds, trees, or any small article to fit an outdoor scene. You could place your little animal on a flat stone, tie a little spruce branch to another stone, and have a charming woodland scene.

Now mix: One quart water, 1/3 cup vinegar, and one teaspoon soda. Pour carefully in the bowl so as not to disturb your figures. Into this scene scatter one tablespoon of moth crystals.

In a short time the crystals will slowly start to rise and fall. The movement will last from three to four hours. When it stops, just add another teaspoon of soda.

The next morning you will be delighted to see hundreds of silver bubbles clinging to the crystals and hanging on the scenery. It will look like a magic Grotto. Add a teaspoon of soda and slowly the silver crystals will come to life and bob gracefully up and down, like another snow storm.

MAKE YOUR OWN SNOWFLAKES!

Take a piece of ice and make a hollow on one side shaped something like a small pumpkin. On a very cold day let this ice stay outside until it has become so cold that a wet piece of cloth or paper will freeze against it immediately.

Moisten a piece of paper with hot water and keep it warm, then wrap it quickly around the ice, with the hand held against the paper over the cavity.

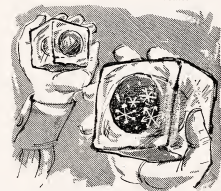
When the paper has been torn away, you will find several snowflakes in the bottom of the cavity in the block of ice.

The reason for this is that the warm hand which is held against the damp paper causes the moisture to evaporate, and the vapor is congealed



All of this happens because of the gas which escapes from the crystals due to a chemical reaction. The whole family will enjoy the picturesque results!

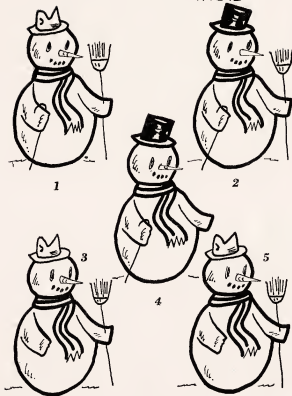
Louise Bower



into beautiful feathery crystals by the intense cold of the ice. Try it and see for yourself!

Marie Foltz

FIND THE TWINS



THESE FIVE SNOWMEN ARE ALL RELATED BUT TWO OF THEM ARE TWINS. CAN YOU FIND THEM?

Ans. Three and Five.

SNOWSTORM MAZE



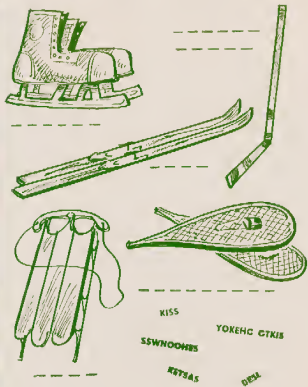
DOUGIE WANTS TO MAIL A VALENTINE, BUT IT'S SNOWING SO HARD HE CAN'T FIND THE MAILBOX. CAN YOU HELP HIM?

ANIMALS IN HIDING



JERRY THE GROUNDHOG IS LOOKING FOR HIS FRIENDS. A RABBIT, A SQUIRREL, A FOX, A SKUNK, AND A MOOSE ARE HIDING IN THIS PICTURE. CAN YOU FIND THEM?

WINTER FUN SCRAMBLES

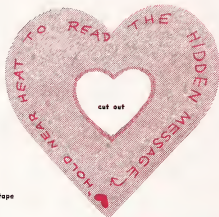
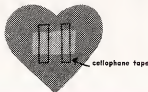


THESE SCRAMBLED WORDS ARE THE NAMES OF THE OBJECTS SHOWN
HERE. UNSCRAMBLE EACH ONE AND LABEL THE PICTURES.

VALEN-TREASURES *for Valentine Day*

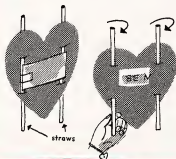
VALEN-TEASER

Make a large, red heart and cut a heart-shaped hole in the center. Using lemon juice, write "BE MINE" on white paper and tape it from behind into the heart-shaped opening. Make sure your message is not too large for the space. When the valentine is held over a warm lightbulb the message will appear.



VALEN-TURN

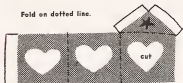
Draw a large paper heart. Cut out viewer square. Insert two drinking straws as shown. Write your message on a long strip of paper a little wider than the viewer square. Tape the message to the middle section of one straw. Wind it on by twisting the straw until you can tape the other end to the other straw. Now you can wind the message back and forth and read it from the other side of the valentine.



VALEN-TREAT

Copy this pattern on a piece of construction paper. Cut it out and fold it on the dotted lines. Just before you paste it together in a wedge-shape, tape a motto candy to a piece of string and thread it through the star. Knot the other end so that it will hang from the top and dangle inside the cut-out heart.

Fold on dotted line.

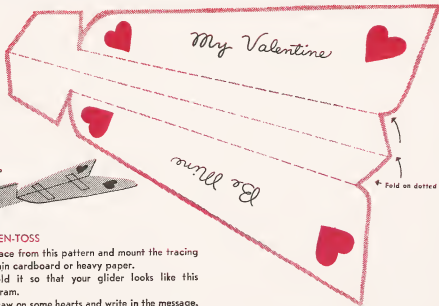


motto candy heart



VALEN-TIE-UP

Paste a red heart on a paper doily. Fold as shown. Tie with a red ribbon. Add hearts to the ribbon if you wish.



paper clip



VALEN-TOSS

Trace from this pattern and mount the tracing on thin cardboard or heavy paper.

Fold it so that your glider looks like this diagram.

Draw on some hearts and write in the message.

Animals



We were so pleased to hear from the many parents who told us of the pleasure which this contest brought to their children.

Karen Crawford
Napa, Calif.



How would you like to work in an office full of Animals That Never Were? Last September we were nearly crowded out by all those strange and wonderful creatures you sent us.

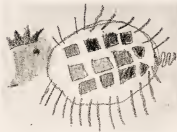
Sixty of them were exhibited at the Boston Public Library during the month of November. Five of these sixty were prize winners. It's a shame that only a few of the entries could be admired. They were all wonderful.

Here are a few of your entries chosen at random. They weren't prize winners but they are very good. We hope you had as much fun making them as we did looking at them.

Colleen Willey
Long Beach, Cal.



Billy McNeely
Euclid, Ohio



Judy Hermanson
Richmond, Tex.



that *NEVER* were!

Gerald Bernardo
Plymouth, Wis.

The Shovle Faced uni
Skater with Built in Drive
wheel



An exhibit case
at the Boston
Public Library



Hotel Photo Service, Boston

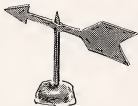
Make-it Weather Station

Science projects can be entertaining as well as worthwhile.

PENCIL WEATHER VANE

Trace the pattern above on a double thickness of cardboard. Staple both ends of the arrow together. Place the middle of the weather vane through the top of a sharpened pencil. Staple it securely around the sides, but make sure that it can swing around when you blow on it.

Now poke the eraser end of the pencil into a lump of clay so that it will stand up. Put the weather vane on your window sill and mark the clay with accurate wind directions N, S, E, and W. Now you will know where the weather is coming from.



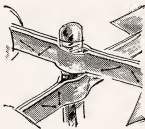
MILK BOTTLE BAROMETER

Fill a glass milk bottle with water until it is almost overflowing. Take a dishpan and fill it two inches deep with water. Now cover the top of the milk bottle with a piece of cardboard and invert it in the dishpan. Stand it up straight and slide out the cardboard. Watch the level of the water in the top of the milk bottle. When it is going to rain the water level will go down.

PAPER CUP ANEMOMETER

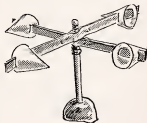
Cut two slits, one opposite the other in each of four cone-shaped paper cups. Now cut four strips of cardboard about 8 inches long and as wide as the slits in the paper cups.

Slide two strips together through the slits in two cups so that the two cups face in opposite directions. Slide the remaining strips through the other two cups.



Poke the eraser end of a long pencil through each pair of strips. Arrange one pair of cups on top of the other as shown in the diagram. Staple each pair of cups securely around the pencil, but be sure that they will swing free.

Wind a piece of string or adhesive tape around the pencil underneath the strips so that they will not slide down the pencil. Stick the other end of the pencil in a large lump of clay. Place it outside and watch how fast the wind blows!



BE MY VALENTINE

MOM DAD

Are you homely?
Hair won't curl?
You can still be
My best girl.

Are you too fat,
Or too thin?
Skinny neck,
Or double chin?

You don't dance
Or skate or row?
You're the nicest
Girl I know.

Yes, I still think
You're just fine.
Mom — you'll be
My valentine?

You're the one
Who fixes toys
So they run,
For girls and boys.

You're the one
Who rides us high
On your shoulders,
Near the sky.

You're the one
Who always knows
Where the best
Strawberry grows.

Who's the best pal
To be had
For a valentine?
My Dad!

By Dorothy T. Savage



An exciting new way you and your children can learn about the wonders of NATURE!



Everybody knows that the Owl is the biggest living bird. But did you know that it can run 25 miles an hour—that its talons are like a man's—that it has the largest eyes of any land creature?



In an ordinary woodland pond you can find an amazing variety of fascinating creatures. Your Nature Program tells you what to look for, how to go about it.

Discover amazing problems there, like the biggest eye-litter test of your-placed night, with a beetle no larger than a walnut!



Natural color pictures show you unusual creatures like the American Robin in winter, in the same color as his winter home...



But when nature comes, the weather gets colder, not by itself it changes only by the time the ground is covered with snow.



...he has become almost white. Perfectly camouflaged and again, he is "invisible" to his enemies!



Which is the frog flower and which is the fish-eating animal? On the left is the lovely bloom of the July lily. But the "fish-eater" on the right is a hungry Sea Anemone, and its "petals" are waving tentacles, reaching out for prey!



Meet the lovely children of Nature—the shy, head-downing Kitten, the model for the elegant "lady" bear!



Called a "Mussumwhiffles" of butterflies like the lovely Tiger Swallowtail!



Explore the underwater world through the Nature Program's color camera!



See the mysterious, exciting life of Nature after dark—the great cats who hunt their prey at almost total darkness—all the strange creatures who live by night!



Explore the underwater world through the Nature Program's color camera!

THE NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT THIS EXCITING FREE OFFER (VALUE \$2.00)

TO INTRODUCE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY TO THIS NEW NATURE HOBBY

THE AUDUBON NATURE PROGRAM

Dept. C-4, Garden City, New York
Please send me FREE my introductory package, consisting of the CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE collection of 30 natural color prints, a \$500-word informative album to mount them in a handsome maroon-and-gold colored album case, and the illustrated handbook FUN WITH BIRDS—all FREE. I understand that you plan to issue a new Nature series each month in cooperation with the National Audubon Society, for only \$1.00 each plus a small charge for shipping. After examining my FREE set, I'll notify you if I do not wish any other. I may cancel my subscription at any time I wish without further obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....
Zip.....

SEND NO MONEY - MAIL COUPON PROMPTLY
(Give order in Canadian address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Good only in U.S.A. and Canada)

THE NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY'S new Nature hobby has captured the imagination of thousands of American families. Now you and your family can discover the wonders of Nature, under the guidance of wise, friendly naturalists.

As a demonstration, please accept this \$2.00 value Gift Package — without cost or obligation! Here's what you get (all FREE):

1. "CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE" — 30 color prints and an album in which to mount them. Through the "magic eye" of magnificent color photographs and fascinating text, you learn about animals and plants which wear "disguise" to protect them from their enemies — hundreds of astounding facts!
2. "FUN WITH BIRDS" — How to attract, study and enjoy Nature's most beautiful creatures, right in your backyard. Shows how to build birdhouses, bird baths and feeding stations.
3. HANDSOME PROTECTIVE CASE — Distinctive maroon-and-gold color pull-drawer case to store your album collection.

This FREE Gift Package will demonstrate how much pleasure and knowledge you and your family can enjoy with this new program of things-to-know and things-to-do in the wonderful world of Nature!

This exciting program — with the aid of beautiful true-color photographs and fact-filled albums in which to mount them — takes you "into the field" on a fascinating quest after Nature's secrets. Guided by experienced naturalists, you see how Nature "protects her own" with camouflage... learn the strange, almost unbelievable ways some animals raise their young... collect your own "Museum-at-Home" of Nature oddities. Best of all, your naturalist-guides will open your eyes to the wonders you can discover in your own backyard or park!

Each month an exciting new topic is selected and a set of about 30 color prints is issued, with an album in which to mount them and informative text. The total cost is very low: only \$1 for each set, plus a few pennies for shipping. But you do not obligate yourself when you send for your FREE Gift Package. You may resign your membership at any time. However, we feel sure that, once you and your family have become acquainted with the program, you will want to continue these delightful monthly "visits" for a while. That's why we make this unusual Free Offer. But we urge you to send for your sample package now, because quantities are limited. Mail the coupon today!



